



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

1158 Pr PR.

annah T.

d readers. : A primer- read

University Libraries

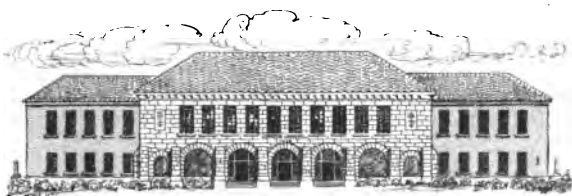


05 04925 0546

THE SACRAMENTAL METHOD READERS



A PRIMER



SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
LIBRARY

TEXTBOOK
COLLECTION



STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARIES



THE NATURAL METHOD READERS

A PRIMER

BY

HANNAH T. McMANUS

PRINCIPAL, PUBLIC SCHOOLS, THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AND

JOHN H. HAAREN

ASSOCIATE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS,
THE CITY OF NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENCE STORER



CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

BOSTON

588397

C

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS



R

PREFACE

THIS book consists almost entirely of nursery rhymes and of sentences in which the words of these rhymes occur.

In the case of longer rhymes or those calling for extended treatment the rhyme is first printed as a whole so that the teacher may read it to the class. Then portions of the rhyme are given in prose form in such a way that the child may become familiar with the words. Finally, the completed rhyme is presented to be read by the pupils. The rhyme thus becomes a part of the child's mental equipment, and is made to serve as a key to the recognition of words. It takes but little practice to enable the pupil to pick out the words of the rhyme.

The skillful teacher does not take up the book in the first stages of instruction. The work is begun on the blackboard, and oral work necessarily forms a great part of the instruction.

Nursery rhymes lend themselves admirably to work

in the early stages. Mother Goose jingles and rhymes constitute the child's introduction to literature, and are the natural means by which the child may be taught to read. The repetition of the rhymes that have stood the test of time is never irksome to the child, and their employment as a key to reading divests the art of much wearisome effort. Further, they furnish a motive by which the child is impelled to read for himself the rhyme which he knows by heart.

The authors realize that the word or sentence method has limitations and must be supplemented by phonics. They have accordingly drawn material for phonic study from the lessons and have framed an outline for progressive study. This will serve as a method of developing in the child the power to put together the sounds by interpreting the symbols so as to lead to the pronunciation of the word. Neither the system of word study nor that of phonics is designed to result in mere word calling. The nature of the content is such that meaning and form must be associated.

It has been the aim so to limit the number of words to be taught in a lesson that the task set before teacher and pupil may not be beyond the ability of little children in the first year of school.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A B C, Tumble Down D	1
Little Jack Horner	6
Little Miss Muffet	12
Old Mother Hubbard	16
Little Bo-Peep	23
Bow-wow-wow! Whose Dog Art Thou?	28
Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat	29
Ding-dong, Bell!	32
Peek-a-boo! I See You	33
Tit-tat-toe	38
This Little Pig	39
Little Boy Blue	40
Humpty Dumpty	44
King's Horses	47
Jack Sprat's Pig	52
Little Poll Parrot	54
Little Robin Redbreast	55
Rooster, Rooster, What Can You Do?	56
To Market, To Market	58
The Little Black Sheep	59

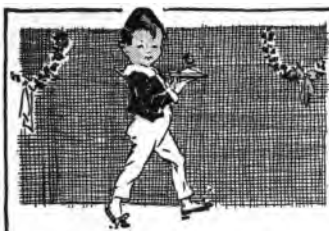
Baa, Baa, Black Sheep	60
To Bed, to Bed, Said Sleepy Head	62
Two Little Blackbirds	66
Diddle, Diddle, Dumpling	67
There Was a Little Green House	68
Ride Away, Ride Away	69
Cock-a-doodle-do!	70
Jack and Jill	72
Simple Simon	74
See-saw, Up and Down	83
There Was an Old Woman	84
Poor Dog Bright	89
Pussy, Where Have You Been Today?	90
A Little Boy Went Into the Field	91
Dickory-dickory-dock	92
One, Two, Three, Four, Five	93
Old Mother Goose	98
See-saw, Margery Daw	102
Old King Cole	103
I Love Little Pussy	104
Rock-a-by, Baby	108
I Saw Three Ships	109
The Christmas Tree	110
The Alphabet	118



A B C,
Tumble down D.
The cat is in the cupboard,
And can't see me.



Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a great boy am I!"



Little Jack Horner



Little Jack Horner
sat in a corner.

Little Jack Horner
can't see me.





A Christmas pie

Jack Horner is in the corner.
He is eating a Christmas pie.



Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.



A plum



and

a pie



The pie is in the corner.

A plum is in the pie.

Jack can't see the plum.

He put in his thumb.

He pulled out a plum.



“I am eating the plum,” said Jack.
“I am eating the Christmas pie,”
said he.

The plum was in the pie.

It was a little pie.

The pie was in the cupboard.

The cupboard was in the corner.

“I put in my thumb,” said Jack.

“I pulled out the plum.”

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a great boy am I!"

Jack Horner was a little boy.
He sat in a corner.
He was eating a pie.
It was a Christmas pie.
The Christmas pie was little.
He put in his thumb.
He pulled out a plum.
What a great boy Jack was!



Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating curds and whey.
Down came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.



Miss Muffet



a tuffet



Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating curds and whey.



"I see a spider in the corner," said
little Miss Muffet.

"What a great spider he is!"

The spider came down.

He sat on the tuffet.

He frightened Miss Muffet.

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating curds and whey.
Down came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Little Miss Muffet was sitting
on a tuffet.
It was a little tuffet.
She was eating curds and whey.
A spider came down.
It was a great spider.
He sat on the tuffet beside
Miss Muffet.
He frightened her away.



Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone.
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

Old Mother Hubbard



her dog

Old Mother Hubbard had a dog.

He was a little dog.

The dog went to Mother Hubbard.

Mother Hubbard was sitting in the
corner.

He sat down beside her.

“Bow-wow!” said the dog.



“Poor little dog!” said Mother Hubbard.

“He is hungry,” said she.

“I will get a bone.”

She went to the cupboard.

The cupboard was bare.

“Poor dog!” said Mother Hubbard.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone.
When she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

Old Mother Hubbard had a dog.
The dog was hungry.
So he went to Mother Hubbard
and said, "Bow-wow!"
"Poor dog!" said Mother Hubbard.
"He is hungry."
She went to the cupboard to get
a bone.
But the cupboard was bare.
The poor dog got none.



The little dog sat in the corner.
He was hungry.
So he went to little Miss Muffet.
She was sitting on a tuffet.
She was eating curds and whey.
“Bow-wow!” said the little dog.
“Poor dog! he is hungry,” said
Miss Muffet.

"I will get a bone."

But a great spider came down.

He sat on the tuffet beside Miss
Muffet.

He frightened her away.

So the little dog went to Jack
Horner.

There sat Jack eating a Christmas
pie.

"Bow-wow!" said the little dog.

"Poor dog!" said the little boy.

"He is hungry.

I will get a bone."

But the old cat came and sat
down beside Jack.

"I can't get a bone," said Jack.

"The cat will get my pie."

So the little dog went to Mother Hubbard.

“Bow-wow!” said the little dog.

“Poor dog! he is hungry,” said Mother Hubbard.

“I will get a bone.”

She went to the cupboard.

But it was bare.

Little Miss Muffet got her curds and whey.

Jack Horner got his Christmas pie.

But the poor dog got none.





Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them.
Let them alone,
They will come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.



Little Bo-Peep

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep.
Poor little Bo-Peep!
Where are her sheep?



Little Bo-Peep can't find her sheep.

She can't tell where they are.

"I will get the little dog.

I will tell him to find my sheep,"
said little Bo-Peep.

She went to the dog.

She sat down beside him.

"My sheep are lost," said Bo-Peep.

"I can't tell where they are."



“Find my sheep,” said little Bo-Peep.

“Bow-wow!” said the little dog.

The little dog went alone to find the sheep.

Where is he to find them?

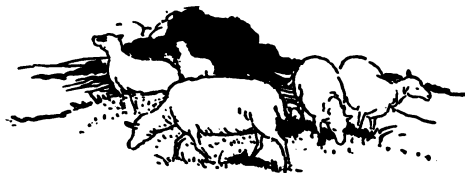
“My poor lost sheep!” said little Bo-Peep.

“When will you come home?”

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them.
Let them alone,
They will come home,
Wagging their tails behind them.

"I have lost my sheep," said little
Bo-Peep.

"I can't tell where to find them.
I will let them alone,
And they will come home,
Wagging their tails behind them."



Bow-wow-wow!

Whose dog art thou?

Little Tommy Tinker's dog

Bow-wow-wow!

Bow-wow-wow!

Will the little dog tell how

He got a bone when he went home?

Bow-wow-wow!

Tommy Tinker has a dog.

It is a little dog.

The little dog has a bone.

"Tell me how you got the bone,"
says Tommy.

"Bow-wow-wow!" says the dog.



Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
Where have you been?
I have been to London
To see the Queen.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under a chair.





Pussy Cat



The Queen

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
Where have you been?
I have been to London
To see the Queen.

Where has Pussy Cat been?
Pussy Cat has been to London.
The Queen was there.
Pussy Cat went to see her.



The little mouse

the chair -



Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat,
What did you there?
I frightened a little mouse
Under a chair.

What did Pussy Cat do in London?
She frightened a little mouse.
Where was the little mouse?
The little mouse was under a chair.

Ding-dong, bell!
The cat is in the well.
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.

Who put the cat in the well?
“I did,” said little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?
“I did,” said little Johnny Stout.
“Ding-dong!” says the bell.
The cat was in the well.



Peek-a-boo!

I see you,
Hiding behind the chair.



Peek-a-boo!

I see you,
I see you hiding there.



The little girl was hiding away
from her mother.

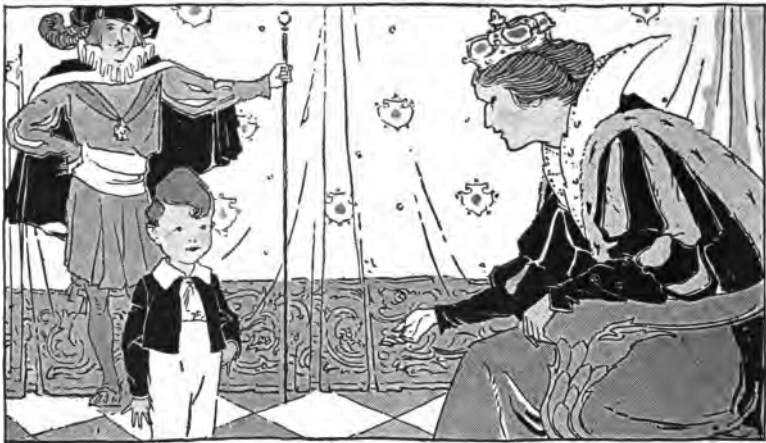
She was a good little girl.

She was hiding behind a chair.

“Peek-a-boo!” said her mother.

“I see you.

I see you hiding there.”



Little Jack Horner went to London.
He went to see the Queen,
She was sitting in her chair.
“Tell me,” said the Queen,
“Where is Bo-Peep?
And the little cat?
And the little dog?
And the mouse?”
“Bo-Peep can’t come,” said Jack.
“She has lost her sheep.

She can't find them.

The little dog was hungry and went to get a bone.

So he can't come.

Tommy Lin put the cat in the well.

So she can't come.

The cat frightened away the little mouse.

So she can't come."

"Ding-dong!" went the bell.

"See who is there," said the Queen.

So Jack went to see.

There was little Bo-Peep behind her sheep.

And there was the dog.

Tommy Tinker was behind the dog.

There was the cat.

And Johnny Stout was behind
the cat.

And there was the mouse.

“How did you find the sheep?”
said the Queen.

“They came home alone, wagging
their tails behind them,” said Bo-Peep.

“Bow-wow!” said the little dog.

“Whose dog art thou?” said the
Queen.

“He is Tommy Tinker’s dog,”
said Jack.

“And there is the cat!

She was in the well.

How did she get out?” said the
Queen.

“I pulled her out,” said Johnny.

The poor little mouse was
frightened.

“Come under my chair,” said the
Queen.

“The cat can’t get you there.”

So the little mouse went under
the chair.

“Peek-a-boo! little mouse, I see
you,” said Bo-Peep.

“You are hiding behind the chair.
The cat can’t see you there.”



Tit-tat-toe, tit-tat-toe!

Three little pussy cats,

Three in a row.

I say Yes, you say No.

What will the cats say?

“Tit-tat-toe!”

1, 2, 3, three in a row,

Three little pussy cats,

Tit-tat-toe!

I see three little pussy cats.

They are sitting in a row.

What do the pussy cats say?

Do they say Yes?

No, they say Tit-tat-toe!

This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed home,
This little pig had roast beef,
This little pig had none,
This little pig said, "Wee-wee,"
And he went home.

"This little pig went to market,"
said Jack Horner.

"What did he do there?" said
Bo-Peep.

"He had roast beef," said Jack.

"This little pig stayed home," said
the little boy.

"What did he do there?" said
Bo-Peep.

"He said, 'Wee-wee!'" said Jack.



Little Boy Blue,
Come, blow your horn.
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn.

Is this the way
You mind your sheep?
Under the haystack
Fast asleep.



Little Boy Blue



his horn

Little Boy Blue, where are you?
Are you hiding?
Come, blow your horn.

Where is little Boy Blue?
Will he come home?
Who will find him?



Little Boy Blue went to the meadow.

He went there alone.

There was a great haystack in the meadow.

He sat down by the haystack.

He put his horn down beside him.

He did not blow it.

There was no one there to see him.

Soon he was asleep.

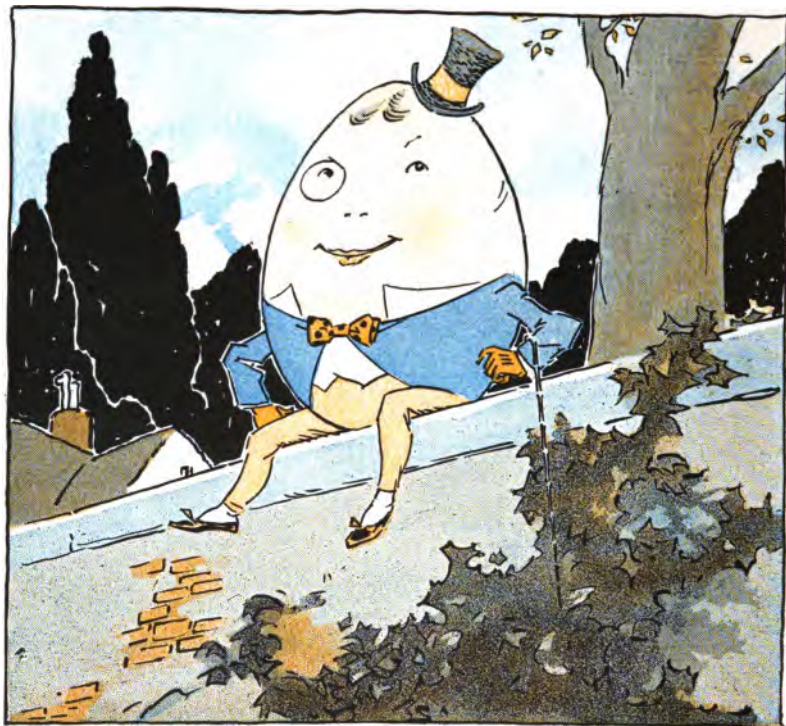
Little Boy Blue,
Come, blow your horn.
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn.

Is this the way
You mind your sheep?
Under the haystack
Fast asleep.

Little Boy Blue is fast asleep under
a great haystack.

“Come, little Boy Blue, blow your
horn.

The sheep is in the meadow.
The cow is in the corn.”



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
Not all the king's horses,
Not all the king's men,
Could put Humpty Dumpty
Back again.



Humpty Dumpty was on the wall.

It was a great wall.

Poor Humpty was frightened.

“What a great wall this is!

I will go down,” said he.

Down he went off the wall.

But he had a great fall.

So he did not come back.

He had a great fall

Down off the wall.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
Not all the king's horses,
Not all the king's men,
Could put Humpty Dumpty
Back again.



Humpty Dumpty was sitting on
a wall.

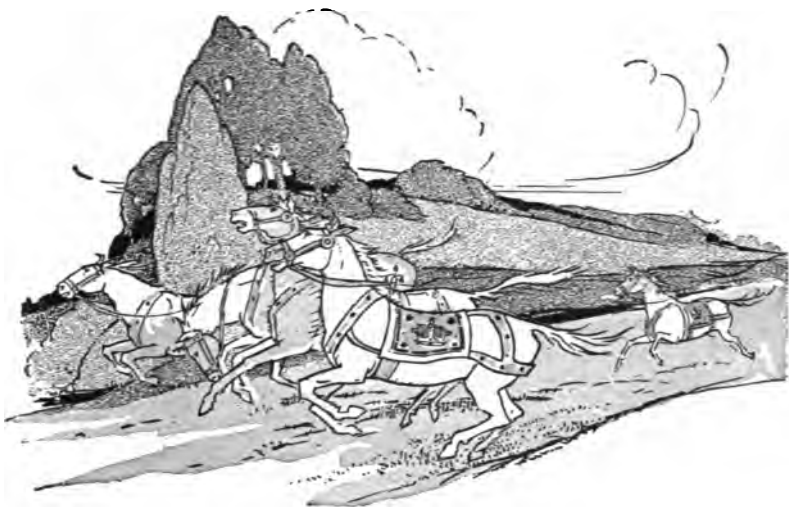
Soon he fell off.

“What a great fall I had!” said he.

“Did you see me tumble?”

“Will no one put me back again?”

All the king's horses and all the
king's men could not put Humpty
back again.



King's horses, king's horses,
What time of day?
One o'clock, two o'clock,
Off and away.

One o'clock, two o'clock,
What time of day?
Come again, go again,
Off and away.



One day the King's horses ran away.
They ran down into the meadow.
Little Boy Blue and Bo-Peep were
there.

And so was Tommy Tinker's dog.
They were all sitting beside a
haystack.

It was one o'clock when the King's
horses ran off.

It was two o'clock when they came
back.



Tommy had a wee little pig.

One day the little pig went to the market to get roast beef.

No one could find him.

“Where is my pig?” said Tommy.

“Is he in the meadow?”

“No,” said Miss Muffet.

“The sheep’s in the meadow.”

“Is he in the corn?”

“No,” said Jack Horner.

“The cow’s in the corn.”

“Is he under the haystack?”

“No,” said Mother Hubbard.

“Boy Blue is fast asleep under the haystack.”

“Who will find my pig?” said Tommy.

He went to the dog.

“Will you find my pig?”

“Bow-wow!” said the dog.

He went to the little pussy cat.

But she was asleep in the cupboard.

He went to the bell.

“Will you find my pig?”

“Ding-dong! ding-dong!” went the bell.

Out they all came to find the pig.

The sheep came out of the meadow.

The cows came out of the corn.
The cat came out of the cupboard.
The spider came off the tuffet.
Humpty Dumpty came off the wall.
Little Jack Horner came out of the
corner.

“There is your pig,” said Johnny
Stout.

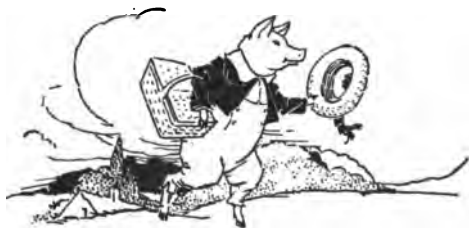
“He has been to market.”

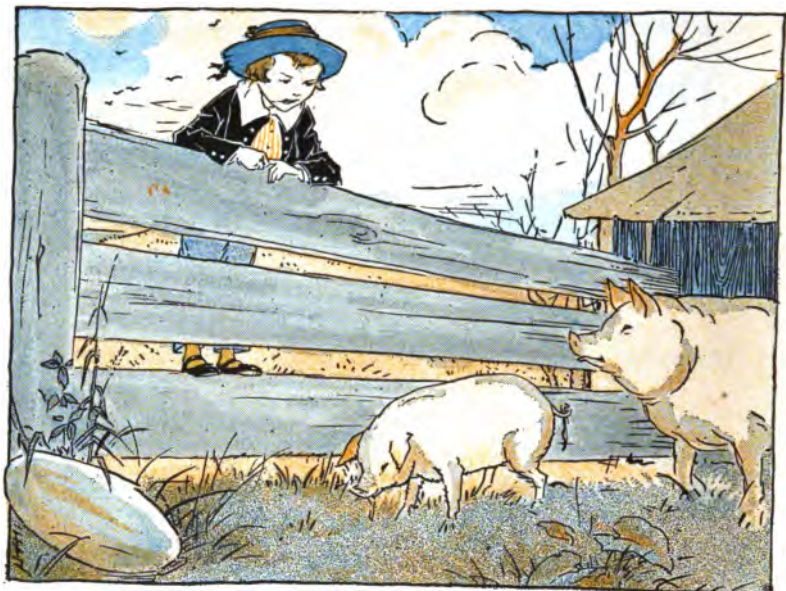
“Yes, there he is,” said Tommy.

“Little Boy Blue, blow your horn.

My pig has come home.”

“Wee-wee!” said the little pig.





Jack Sprat's pig

Was not very little.

He was not very big.

He was not very lean.

He was not very fat.

“And he can't wag his tail,”
Said little Jack Sprat.

“I
“He
not ve
He
not ve
“Can
Tommy
“No,
can say



“I have a pig,” said Jack Sprat.

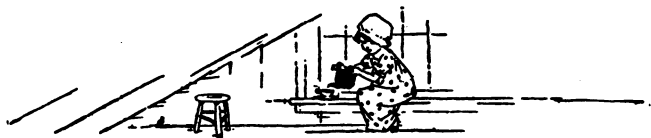
“He is not very little and he is not very big.

He is not very lean and he is not very fat.”

“Can he wag his tail?” said Tommy Tinker.

“No, he can’t,” said Jack, “but he can say, ‘Wee-wee!’”

Little Poll Parrot
Sat in her garret,
Eating toast and tea..
A little mouse
Went into the house,
And frightened Poll Parrot away.



One day little Poll Parrot was at home.
She was sitting in her garret.
She was eating toast and tea.
A little mouse went into the house.
She went into the garret.
Poll Parrot was frightened and ran away.

Little Robin Redbreast

Sat upon a tree.

Up went Pussy Cat,

And down came he.

Down came Pussy Cat,

And away Robin ran.

Said little Robin Redbreast,

“Find me if you can.”

One day Robin Redbreast was
sitting on a tree.

A bad old pussy cat saw him.

So she went up to get him.

But Robin came down and ran
away.

“Find me if you can,” said he.



Rooster, rooster, what can you do?
I can say "Cock-a-doodle-do."

Little boy, little boy, what can
you do?
I can dance without my shoe.

Little girl, little girl, what can
you do?
I can find you, peek-a-boo!



“What can you do, rooster?” said
Bo-Peep.

“Can you say ‘Cock-a-doodle-do’?”

“Yes, I can,” said the rooster.

“What can you do, little boy?” said
Boy Blue.

“Can you dance without your shoe?”

“Yes, indeed I can,” said he.

“What can you do, little girl?” said
Jack Horner.

“I can find you, peek-a-boo!”

To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig.
Home again, home again,
Jiggety-jig.

To market, to market,
To buy a fat hog.
Home again, home again,
Jiggety-jog.

To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun.
Home again, home again,
Market is done.



The little black sheep loves his
master.

The little black sheep loves his
dame.

The little black sheep loves the
little boy

That lives alone in the lane.

“Do you love your master, Black
Sheep?” said the little boy.

“Baa, baa!” said the little black
sheep.

“I love my master and I love my
dame.

And I love the little boy that lives
in the lane.”



Baa, baa, Black Sheep,
Have you any woòl?
“Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Three bags full.
One for my master,
One for my dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in the lane.”



Black Sheep, tell us, what will
you do with your wool?

Is there any for your master?

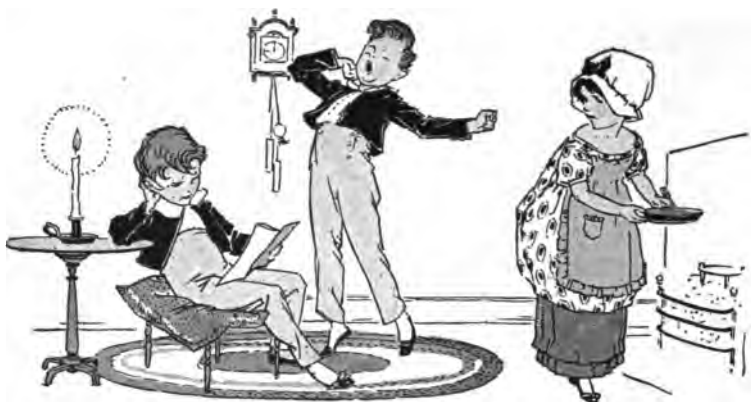
“Yes, sir, one bag full.”

Is there any for your dame?

“Yes, sir, one bag full.”

Is there any for the little boy that
lives in the lane?

“Yes, indeed, a big bag full for him.”



“To bed, to bed,”
Said Sleepy Head.

“Not so fast,” said Slow.
“Put on the pan,”
Said Hungry Nan.

“Let us eat before we go.”

Sleepy Head went off to bed.
But Nan was very hungry.
So she put on the pan and said,
“I will eat before I go.”



“Come,” said Jack Sprat, one day,
“let us dance.”

“Yes, yes,” said Miss Muffet, “I
love to dance.”

“Let us go down to the meadow,”
said Jack.

“We can all dance there.”

So off they all went down the lane.

There were Jack Sprat and Miss
Muffet.

There were Poll Parrot and Hungry
Nan.

There were Sleepy Head and Slow.
And there was the little boy without his shoe.

Soon they were at the meadow.
Rooster was there on a hay-stack.
“Cock-a-doodle-do!” said Rooster.

Black Sheep was there with three
bags full of wool.

“Baa-baa!” said Black Sheep.

They had a dance by the hay-stack.

Sleepy Head did not dance.

He fell fast asleep.

Slow did not dance.

He did not come in time.

He stayed behind in the lane.

Soon the dance was done.

“What a great time we have had!”
said Miss Muffet.

“Yes, but I am very hungry,” said
Nan.

“What can we have to eat?”

“Come to my garret,” said little
Poll Parrot.

“Hungry Nan can put on the pan,
and we can all have toast and tea.”

“Yes, yes!” they all said.

“I will buy a plum bun,” said Jack.

“For I don’t eat toast and tea.”

“And I will have some curds and
whey,” said Miss Muffet.

Two little blackbirds sat upon
a hill,

One named Jack, one named Jill.

Fly away, Jack, fly away, Jill.

Come again, Jack, come again, Jill.

There were two little blackbirds
sitting on a hill.

One of them was named Jack.

One was named Jill.

Jack was frightened and flew away.

So Jill flew away with him.

One day the little blackbirds will
fly back again.

They will fly back to the hill.

Jack will come back and so will Jill.

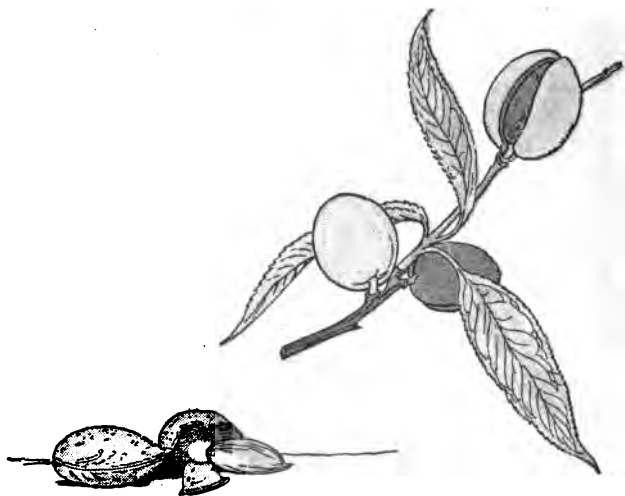


Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
My son John
Went to bed with his stockings on.
One shoe off, one shoe on.
Diddle, diddle, dumpling,
My son John.

My son John was fast asleep in bed.
He had his stockings on.
One shoe was off. One shoe was on.
What a funny little boy John is!

There was a little green house.
And in the little green house
There was a little brown house.
And in the little brown house
There was a little yellow house.
And in the little yellow house
There was a heart.

What is it?





Ride away, ride away,

Johnny shall ride.

He shall have Pussy Cat

Tied to one side.

He shall have Little Dog

Tied to the other.

And Johnny shall ride

To see his grandmother.

Grandmother lives very far away.

Johnny will ride to see her.

He will have Pussy Cat on one side.

He will have Little Dog on the
other.

They will ride away together.

Cock-a-doodle-do!

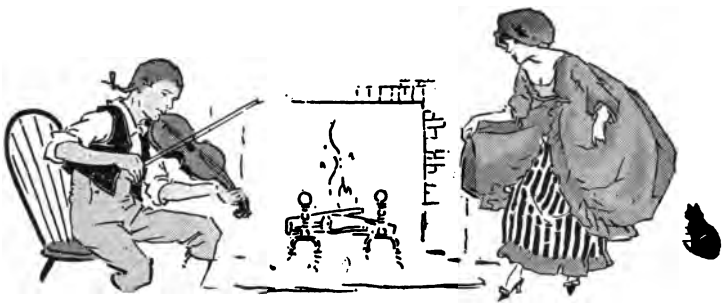
My dame has lost her shoe.
My master's lost his fiddlestick,
And knows not what to do.

Cock-a-doodle-do!

What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddlestick.
She will dance without her
shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-do!

My dame has found her shoe.
And master's found his fiddlestick.
So, cock-a-doodle-do!



“Cock-a-doodle-do!” said the rooster.

“Master has lost his fiddlestick.

He can not play till he finds it.”

“Cock-a-doodle-do!” said the rooster.

“My dame has lost her shoe.

She can not dance till she finds it.”

“Cock-a-doodle-do!” said the rooster.

“My dame has found her shoe.

Now she can dance again.

My master has found his fiddle-
stick too.

Now he can play again.”



Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To get a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.



“Let us go up the hill,” said Jack,
one morning.

“We will get a pail of water.”

“Yes, let us go. I will help you,”
said Jill.

So they went up the hill together.

But when they came back Jack fell
down.

He fell and broke his crown.

Jill fell down too.

She came tumbling after him.



Simple Simon met a pieman

Going to the fair.

Said Simple Simon to the pieman,

“Let me taste your ware.”

Said the pieman to Simple Simon,

“Show me first your penny.”

Said Simple Simon to the pieman,

“Indeed, I have not any.”

Simple Simon went a-fishing,

For to catch a whale.

But all the water that he had

Was in his mother's pail.



Little John was going to the fair.
On the way he met a dog.

“I am off to the fair. Come with me,” said little John.

“Bow-wow!” said the dog, and he went with the little boy.

Soon they met a pig.

“Come to the fair with us,” said John.

“Wee-wee!” said the pig and he went, too.

Upon the wall there was a rooster.
“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” said he.
“Come to the fair,” said the boy.
And the rooster flew down and
went with them.

By the meadow they met a black
sheep.

“Come with us,” said little John.

“Baa-baa!” said the black sheep.

And on he went.

On the hill they met Jack and Jill.

Jack had a pail of water.

“Come to the fair,” said John.

“Very well,” said they.

So they all went on together.

Soon they met a pieman.

“Where are you going?” they said.

“To the fair to show my ware,”
said the pieman.

“Come with us,” said Jill.

“Very well,” said the pieman.

In the lane they met Simple Simon.

He had on funny yellow stockings.

He had his mother’s pail, too.

“Where are you going?” said Jack.

“I am going a-fishing,” said Simon.

“What are you going to catch?”

said Jack.

“A whale,” said Simon.

“You are a silly boy,” said Jack.

Then Simon said to the pieman,

“Give me a taste of pie.”

“First give me a penny,” said the
pieman.

“I have not any,” said Simon.

“Then you can’t have any pie,”
said the pieman.

“Come to the fair,” said Jill.

“Grandmother will give you a pie.”

“Very well,” said Simon.

They went on and on till they
came to a big hill.

Under the hill was a brown house.

A green tree was on one side.

A yellow haystack was on the other.

Grandmother was going for a ride.

“Come with me,” said Grandmother.

“Now where shall we go?”

“To the fair,” they all said.

“Very well,” said Grandmother.

Then off they all went to the fair.

See-saw, up and down,
Which is the way to London Town?

See-saw, up and down,
This is the way to London Town.

One foot up, the other foot down,
This is the way to London Town.

Come, let us go to London Town.
What fun we shall have!

You jump on one side.

I will jump on the other.

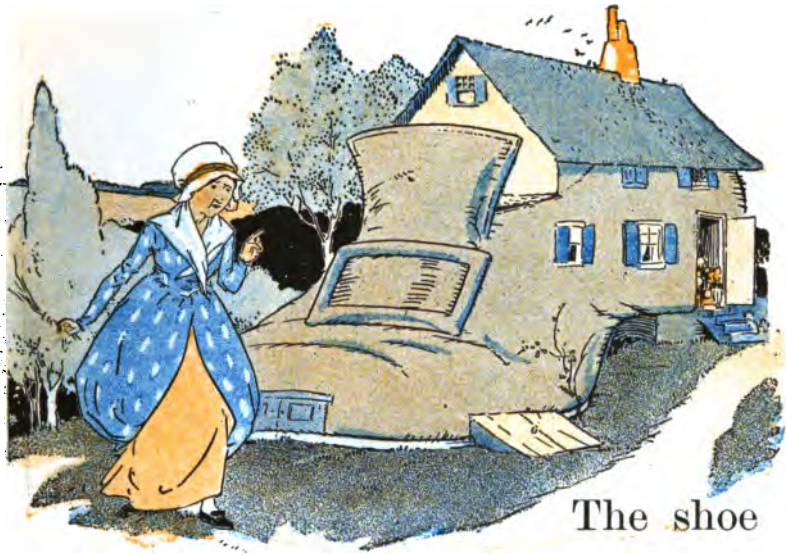
With one foot up, and the other
foot down,

Off we will go to London Town.



There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.

She gave them some broth
Without any bread.
She whipped them all soundly,
And put them to bed.



The shoe

The old woman

There was an old woman who
lived in a shoe.

What a funny old woman!

And what a funny house, too!

How could she live in a shoe?

Do you know any one who lives
in a shoe?



This funny old woman had some children.

There were a great many of them.

They all lived in the shoe.

Sometimes the old woman didn't know what to do with them.



Sometimes the children were hungry.

Then the old woman gave them some broth.

But she did not give them any bread.

Sometimes the children were not good.

Then the old woman whipped them.

When they got sleepy she put them to bed.

There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.

She gave them some broth
Without any bread.
She whipped them all soundly,
And put them to bed.

The children were very hungry.
“Please give us some bread,” said
they.

“You have been good children
today,” said the old woman.

“Here is some bread for you.”

“Thank you,” said the children.



Poor dog Bright

Ran off with all his might,
Because the cat was after him.

Poor dog Bright!

Poor cat Fright

Ran off with all her might,
Because the dog was after her.

Poor cat Fright!





Pussy, where have you been today?
In the meadow asleep in the hay.
Pussy, you are a lazy cat,
If you have done no more than that.

Where has Pussy been today?
She has been in the meadow
down by the brook.
She has been asleep in the hay.
Why, what a lazy cat!
Has she done no more than that?

A little boy went into the field,
And lay down on the hay.
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

One day little Tommy went into
the hay field.

The hay was very soft.
So he lay down on it.
Over his head was a great owl.
“Hoo-hoo!” said the owl.
The owl flew down.
He flew all about Tommy.
Tommy was frightened.
He jumped up and ran home.
The big owl flew away.

Dickory-dickory-dock!

The mouse ran up the clock.

The clock struck one,

The mouse ran down.

Dickory-dickory-dock!

The little mouse ran out of the cupboard.

“Dickory-dock,” said the clock.

The little mouse stopped.

Then he ran up the clock to see what made the noise.

“Dong!” went the clock.

Down ran the mouse as fast as he could.

Poor little mouse! Were you frightened?



One, two, three, four, five,
I caught a fish alive.
Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.

Little Tommy went a-fishing.
Soon he caught a fish.
It was alive.
“I have caught you,” said Tommy.
But the fish bit his finger.
“Oh, oh!” said the little boy.
And he let it go again.



One day Tommy Tinker went a-fishing.

On the way he met Johnny Stout.

“Where are you going today?” said Johnny.

“I am going a-fishing,” said the little boy.

“Please let me go with you.”

“Yes, indeed, I will,” said Tommy.

“Which way shall we go?”

“Over the field and down to the brook,” said Tommy.

“We shall have great fun there.”

Soon they came to the brook.

“Here we are,” said Tommy.

“There are a great many fish here.”

Soon Tommy caught a fish.

“See my fish!” said he.

“What a big one he is!”

But the fish bit his finger.

“Oh, oh!” said he, and he let it go again.

“Let me catch a fish,” said Johnny.

“Very well,” said Tommy, and he lay down on some soft hay beside the brook.

Soon Johnny caught a fish.

It was not so big as the one Tommy caught.

After that he caught four or five more.

Then he stopped because it was time to go home.

“Come, Tommy,” said he. “Let us go home now.”

But Tommy was fast asleep on the hay.

Johnny laughed. “What a lazy boy!” said he.

Then a big owl flew down out of a tree.

He made a great noise.

He flew all about Tommy.

“Hoo-hoo!” said the owl.

Tommy sat up. He was frightened.

"What noise is that?" said he.

Johnny laughed again. "It is the old owl.

Come, Tommy, it is time to go home."

"Very well," said Tommy, "let us go home then.

I am very hungry."

When they got home they had some broth and some bread.

"Some day we will go a-fishing again," said Tommy.

"You know we might catch a whale."

"No, thank you," said Johnny.



Old Mother Goose,
When she wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

She had a son Jack,
A plain looking lad.
He was not very good,
Nor yet very bad.





Mother Goose

The gander

Old Mother Goose had a gander.

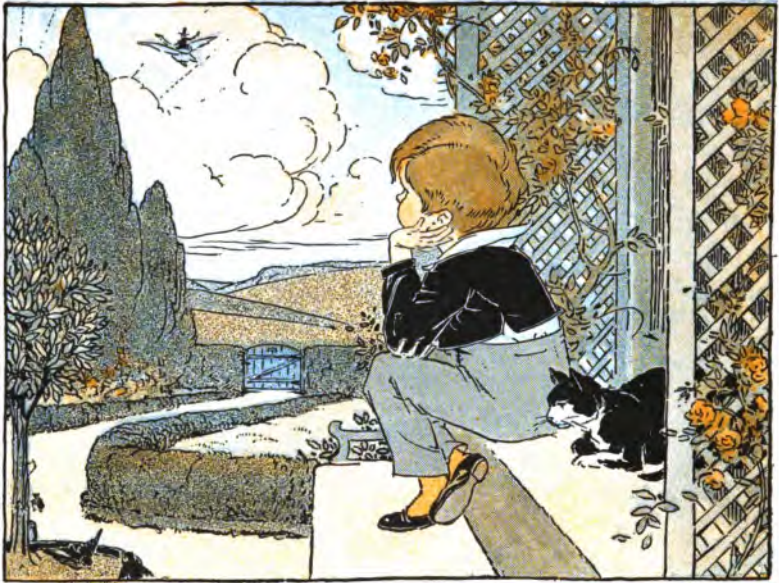
He was a fine, big gander.

He could fly very fast.

Sometimes he would give Mother
Goose a ride.

Then they would fly off together.

Away through the air they would
go.



Old Mother Goose had a son Jack.
He was a plain looking boy.

He was not very good, nor was he
very bad.

When Mother Goose was away he
stayed at home.

He stayed to look after the house.

Old Mother Goose,

When she wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

She had a son Jack,

A plain looking lad.
He was not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

One day Jack wanted to ride on
the gander.

But Mother Goose said No.

“Not yet, my little man,” said she.
“You would fall off.

When you are a big boy you shall
ride away up through the air.”



See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jack shall have a new master.
He shall get but a penny a day,
Because he won't work any faster.

Jack, you are a lazy boy.
You shall have a new master.
You shall have but a penny a day,
because you won't work any faster.



Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.



I love little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her
She will do me no harm.
I will sit by the fire,
And give her some food,
And Pussy will love me,
Because I am good.



Pussy is sitting in the corner.
What a warm coat she has!
Don't hurt her.
Then she will not do you any harm.
Pussy is a good cat.



It is nice and warm by the fire.

Pussy will sit down there.

She is hungry, and you can give
her some food.

Then she will love you, because
you are good to her.

I love little Pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her
She will do me no harm.
I will sit by the fire,
And give her some food,
And Pussy will love me,
Because I am good.

Baby John loves little Pussy Cat.
He likes to see her play with his
ball.

Sometimes she runs under his
cradle.

He likes to see Pussy run.

Pussy loves Baby John because he
is a good boy.

Rock-a-by, baby,
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.
When the tree shakes
The cradle will fall,
And down will come baby,
Cradle, and all.

A little blackbird is asleep in his
cradle.

The cradle is away up in the tree
top.

Now the wind blows.
It shakes the tree.
It will rock the cradle.

“Rock-a-by,” sings the mother bird.

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by.
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New Year's Day in the morning.

And what do you think was in them
then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them
then,
On New Year's Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them
then.

Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New Year's Day in the morning.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Christmas Day at the Home of Mother Goose

Mother Goose: Jack, the children are coming to see my Christmas tree today. Please run over and see if King Cole will come with his three fiddlers. It would be nice if they would play for the children to dance.

Jack: Yes, Mother.

(Jack goes out. Bo-Peep and Boy Blue come in.)

Bo-Peep and Boy Blue: Merry Christmas, Mother Goose! Merry Christmas!

Mother Goose: Merry Christmas to you, children! It is good to see you.

Bo-Peep: Jack forgot all about coming to see your Christmas tree, and fell asleep by a haystack. But I woke him up.

Boy Blue: Yes, and Bo-Peep lost her sheep, and had to find them before she could come.

Mother Goose: Well, you are here now, and in good time.

*(Humpty Dumpty and Miss Muffet
come in.)*

Oh, here are Humpty Dumpty
and Miss Muffet! Merry Christ-
mas, children!

Humpty Dumpty and Miss Muffet:

Merry Christmas, Mother Goose!

Miss Muffet: I ran all the way over to
your house, Mother Goose.

Humpty Dumpty: Yes, but that was
because the spider frightened you.

Little Miss Muffet

Sat on a tuffet,

Eating curds and whey.

Down came a great spider,

And sat down beside her,

And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Miss Muffet: Yes, that is so, but I didn't fall off the wall as you did. You know all the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't put you back again.

Humpty Dumpty: Oh, well, I don't mind if I can't get back on the wall! I will play with the little boy that lives in the lane. He has a little black sheep, you know.

(Jack Horner, Margery Daw, and Jack and Jill come in.)

Jack Horner, Margery Daw, Jack and Jill: Merry Christmas, Mother Goose!

Mother Goose: Merry Christmas, merry Christmas, children!

Why, Jack, have you hurt your head?

Jack: Yes, Mother Goose. Jill and I went up the hill to get a pail of water. I fell down and broke my crown, and Jill came tumbling after.

Mother Goose: Oh, that was too bad! But it will soon be well again.

Margery Daw: Jack Horner was eating a Christmas pie, Mother Goose, but I made him come with me.

Jack Horner: But I wanted to come. I can eat my pie some other time.

(Johnny Stout and Jack Sprat come in.)

Mother Goose: Merry Christmas, children!

Johnny Stout and Jack Sprat: Merry
Christmas, Mother Goose!

Jack Sprat: I had to take my pig
home before I could come. He
is not very big, you know.

Johnny Stout: And I stopped to pull
the cat out of the well. Tommy
Lin put her in. She had been
to London to see the Queen.

All: Oh, oh! What a bad boy Tommy
Lin is!

Mother Goose: He is, indeed!

(Mother Hubbard comes in.)

Oh, here is Mother Hubbard!

Merry Christmas, Mother Hub-
bard! Where is your dog? Didn't
he come with you?

Mother Hubbard: No, he is not very well. The other day he was hungry, so I went to the cupboard to get him a bone. But when I got there, The cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog got none.

Mother Goose: Well, we will get a nice big bone for him today. Now, children, you shall see my tree. (*Shows tree.*)

Girls: Oh, how pretty!

Boys: What a big one it is!

(*Jack comes in, bringing Old King Cole and his three fiddlers.*)

Mother Goose: Oh, here is King Cole!
Merry Christmas to you, King Cole!

It was very good of you to come.
And your fiddlers have come, too.
That is fine!

King Cole: Yes, Mother Goose. The
fiddlers will play for the children
to dance.

Mother Goose: That will be fine!

(Fiddlers begin to play.)

Now, children, you can all dance.

(All dance about tree singing.)

“Old King Cole was a merry old
soul,

And a merry old soul was he.

He called for his pipe,

And he called for his bowl,

And he called for his fiddlers
three.”

A was an apple
 That Jack gave to me.

B was a baby bird
 Up in a tree.

C was the cat
 That hid in the cupboard.

D was the dog
 Of Old Mother Hubbard.

E was the egg
 That lay in the nest.

F was the flower
 That Jill loved the best.

G was the gander
 Mother Goose used to keep.

H was the haystack
 Where Boy Blue fell asleep.

I was the ivy
 That grew up so high.

J was Jack Horner
 Eating the pie.

K was King Cole
 Who had a gold crown.

L was the lane
 In old London Town.

M was Miss Muffet
 Who ate curds and whey.

N was for Nan
 Who wanted to play.

O was our orchard
 Where grew a fine pear.

P was the pieman
 Who went to the fair.

Q was the queen
Who was good to the mouse.



R was the rooster
That woke the whole house.



S was for Simon
Who wanted a pie.



T was the tail
Of the kite in the sky.



U was for uncle
Who gave Jack a ball.



V was the violet
That grew by the wall.



W was the woman
Who lived in a shoe.

X was a mark
Made by Little Boy Blue.

Y was a yellow bird,
Pretty and small.

Z was a zero—
Nothing at all!



To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

10M-9-39

--	--	--

Y COLLECTION
LIBRARY

Tx
428.42
M 158
R

LIBRARY, SCHOOL OF EDUCATION, STANFORD
588397

